PLACE-BOOK

For the YEAR

Seventeen-Hundred, Forty-Five.

New BALLAD.

LONDON:

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. *Paul*'s, 1744-5.

(Price Six-pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

PLACE-BOOK

A

New BALLAD, &c.

I.

SINCE with the New Year a new Change hath begun,
In ſpight of the Father, in ſpight of the Son;
Since thoſe *who were* new to more *new* muſt give way,
We all muſt confeſs that each Dog has his Day.

Derry Down, &c.

II.

But hold, let our Verſe in juſt Order begin
To tell how at C—rt all thoſe Heroes came in,
Theſe Heroes who mean, like the old ones, to fool us,
How receiv'd by the Captain and hopeful *Iulus*.

Derry, &c.

III.

III.

Sir *Cl—t* ſtood ready, his Gloves in his Hand,
When *B——f——d* appear'd at the Head of the Band,
A Sailor who ne'er lov'd Salt Water before;
Should you aſk us why now?—look behind and ſee *G——r*.

Derry, &c.

VI.

See *G——r*, who the C—rt had oppos'd thick and thin,
Was out, then was in, then was out, and now in;
He kiſs'd Hands,——then look'd penſive,— as much as to ſay,
" I can't judge which is beſt, to go or to ſtay."

Derry, &c.

V.

Next in lollop'd *S——d——h*, with negligent Grace,
For the Sake of a Lounge, not for Love of a Place,
Quoth he, " Noble Captain, your Fleets now ſhall nick it,
" For I'll ſit at your Board, when at Leiſure from Cricket."

Derry, &c.

VI.

The Circle divides, — who could fill ſuch a Space
But Broadbottom, C–e-*tt*–*n*'s broad Rump, and broad Face? Sr J. Cotton
The K–g turn'd, — let a Fart, which he ſtrove for to ſmother,
—'Twas only Bum R--y-l ſaluting his Brother.

Derry, &c.

VII.

Cries *Jackey*, " Great Sir, ſince I'm nam'd Chambermaid.
" I henceforth will bely what I've hitherto ſaid,
" Of Hogſheads to *J---s* I have drank not a few,
" But now paid, I will drink full as many to you."

Derry, &c.

VIII.

Quoth *Ph---ps* " No *Roman* the *Welch* could ſubdue, Sr J. Philipps
" But behold, Sir, I yield to your Money, — not you,
" Henceforth let Sir *W----n* aſſert, if he can, Sr Watkyn Williams
" That his honeſt true *Britons* are true to a Man."

Derry, &c.

IX.

IX.

Next *P---t* who lately has commenc'd to be loyal,
Stood ſhiv'ring like *P-l---m*, expecting Kick R-y-l;
He ſtar'd, and he gap'd, and a Speech would have made,
But only could ſay, ——" I'm not us'd to the Trade."

Derry, &c.

X.

Gods! how we're perplex'd by Promotions and Claims!
I'd ſing of new Meaſures, I'm ſick of new Names,
To write of freſh Placemen each Year was a Folly,
I'm tir'd of the Text, —— leave the Subject to *Colly*.

Derry, &c.

F I N I S.

3 AU71